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For the Gallipolis Journal.

GEORGE ELMER'S BRIDE:
OR, THE REFORMATION OF
ROSE HILL COLLEGE.

BY LELIA V. BRIENT.

CHAPTER III.

The light which we noticed in our last chapter came from the apartment of Helen Clinton. She was busy with her own thoughts, and even when the clock struck twelve, she still sat by her window in deep silence, her face buried in her hands. The candle was fast burning out, and at half past twelve the last faint rays flashed over the room. She started as the light fell full on her face, and it was a ghastly sight, strange to see what a change had been wrought in so short a time. She was as pale as death, her eyes swollen and her air was that of despair. The light had expired and the moon just rising shown in unrivaled splendor through the open window. Helen rose to her feet and began walking the floor, her arms folded and her hair falling over her shoulders in wild disorder. Her compressed lips opened and she spoke: "Will he forsake me for only those few sarcastic words which I so unthoughtedly spoke? If he only knew how I love him he would not treat me so;" then pausing in her walk, she said: "I am a silly girl to thus be breaking my heart for him.—He shall never know my distress. I will conceal it all and treat him with contempt." She stood for a moment as if in deep thought, and then added:—"But oh! if I could only win him back. But why should I talk so?" she said, and upon this she very abruptly left the room and retired for the night.

Leaving Helen to her broken rest for the remainder of the night, we will return early in the morning to Mr. Elmer's. Sarah Curtis, who for the last year had been a resident in Mr. Elmer's family, arose with the lark, and with the help of Carrie, soon prepared breakfast, after which a thorough preparation was made to receive the visitors that evening. All things being put in order, little Fannie Miles and a near neighbor girl, were dispatched with invitations to all the neighbor girls, especially Helen Clinton, Mary Ann Furguson, and Bessie Lakes. George seemed unusually gay, and said nothing in reference to his conduct the previous evening. He sought his daily occupation, and all seemed with him the same as usual. Mrs. Elmer, who was a very social, good natured lady, heartily approved of the evening party, and readily lent a helping hand wherever she was needed, and by three o'clock a large group of girls of every age and size were collected in front of Mr. Elmer's dwelling. Bess Lakes was promptly on the spot, and seemed the very center of attraction, and beautiful she certainly was. There was a roguish smile playing in the piercing black eyes, which plainly bespoke her prankish nature. She was attired in a striking costume, consisting of a scarlet skirt and black velvet waist. She stood anxiously watching the path which led to Pigeon Hall. At length she cried out in a tone of merriment: "Look, girls, look! the eighth wonder of the world is coming." All eyes were turned in the direction she pointed, and triping lightly up the path came Dora Desteile, smiling as she neared the group of girls. Carrie introduced her to her companions, and now as if satisfied, the entire group dispersed into the old fashioned yet neatly furnished parlor, where sat Mrs. Elmer knitting busily. When there each one took a good stare at the stranger, who tried by every means to make herself agreeable, but in vain. No one seemed inclined to converse with her, but all kept up a continual clatter among themselves.—Bessie Lakes was all the time busy at a side table with pen and ink, ever and anon glancing at Dora, and then a general snigger would go around the room. Mrs. Elmer tried to be social, but so disturbed was she by the continual giggle, that several times her eyes were angrily turned toward the corner occupied by Bessie Lakes.

All this time Miss Curtis and Carrie were preparing supper in the adjoining kitchen, and when supper was announced, with a rush all the girls left the parlor for the dining room. Mrs. Elmer accompanied Dora, and in a few moments a group of ruddy faces were seated around the well laden table and enjoying a hearty meal. There was but one girl at the table who tried in any way to make the stranger at home, or acted with the least regard to her feelings. She was a slender formed, gray eyed girl by the name of Eugene Siffon, a niece of Mrs. Elmer's. Her father died when she was but a child, her mother being poor, her aunt had taken Genie to raise as her own, and many even of the near neighbors called her Genie Elmer instead of Siffon. As long as she had lived in the family she had never become intimately acquainted with Carrie or Miss Curtis, who was also a cousin to Carrie. Genie had always taken an opposite course to that of Carrie, and instead of priding herself in grossness and pleasure, she sought to cultivate something of refinement in her nature. She was continually spurned from the companionship of the girls, who called her saint and missionary, and lavished many cruel epithets upon her. From the first sight of Dora she felt a curious sensation, and before the evening was over she had to confess to herself that she was deeply in love for the first time in her life, and with a girl at that. Every movement of Dora was watched by her, and it seemed indeed that she was perfectly charmed.

After supper the girls again sought the grass plot in front of the door.—Some sested themselves on the grass, some strolled leisurely about the yard, while others stood chatting and gazing at Eugene and Dora, who seemed to be already very intimate. It was now about four o'clock, when George and Frank Lakes made their appearance.—Walking up to the group of girls, Frank stopped short to participate in a scuffle going on between Helen Clinton and Ellen Blande; the object of the struggle was a small gold locket which Ellen seemed very anxious to obtain.—Helen who seemed to be the owner, tried hard to retain the prize, but Frank by a dexterous movement, snatched the locket and bore it off in triumph. George walked up to where Dora and Eugene were standing, and bowing politely, entered into conversation. He had not been there long until off went his hat, and Bess Lakes with the hat ran back to Mary Ann Furguson, and whispering something to her, their eyes were turned to where George stood innocently conversing with his back turned. The two girls tripped silently ocross the yard, another moment and George lay sprawling on his back, and such a roar of laughter rang out from the crowd as to almost shake the house. Dora joined in the laugh as far as propriety would admit. George took it good humoredly. Regaining his footing, he brushed the dust from his coat and was soon as merry as the merriest. Things went on this way till the clock struck five and several of the girls prepared to go. Helen and Dora were both ready to start at once. George politely proffered his company to Dora, which was accepted, and after inviting Genie to call on her, and taking leave of Mrs. Elmer, Dora bid the rest of the girls good evening, and accompanied by George, set out for her home. Helen turned as pale as death, and the girls all stared at each other in mute astonishment. Helen started on without a word, and was soon out of sight, and hurrying on toward her home. The rest of the girls stood in a cluster, with Frank Lakes, gazing on the three disappearing forms. They could hardly believe their eyes, to see George accompanying Dora, and Helen going alone. Bess was the first to speak: "Don't that take you?" said she.

"Its really too bad," said Miss Curtis.

"How do you like it, Carrie," said Frank Lakes.

"O! George has done for himself now; she's a pretty thing."

Here Bess put in her voice again and sang out in a clear voice which certainly must have reached the ears of George and Dora: "From pretty girls with waving curls and teeth of pearls, deliver us."

Provoked as was the crowd no one could help laughing at her comical gestures as she sang. Genie held her peace until now, and when the laugh subsided she cried out—"Good for George."

"Them's my words, Genie," said Frank.

All eyes were turned on them, and angry looks they received from several, and especially from Bess.

"Good for George, indeed; before he is through with it, it will not be so good for him after all."

With this meaning speech she told Mary Ann to come on; as they lived close together they would go together. For some time the girls parleyed together and then one by one sought their respective homes. A close observer might have detected that there was something unusual in the heads of these two young ladies as they sauntered off arm in arm toward the residence of Mrs. Lakes; but none suspected them of a trick. George and Dora, in gay conversation, walked on to Mrs. Desteiles. It was dark when they reached the door, but George upon invitation, entered and sat conversing with the family until it was perhaps an hour in the night. He arose to go, and it being very dark, Mr. Desteile offered him a lantern, but he gaily refused; saying he knew every inch of the road. He came out whistling boldly, but had to pause until his sight became accustomed to the darkness. Just then a thought occurred to him that he would have to pass the neighboring grave yard; the thought almost staggered him; but pushing onward, he said to himself, I never saw a ghost and why should I be afraid.

CHAPTER IV.

As he neared the little eminence where the weeping willing grew over Mr. Clinton's grave, he again struck up whistling his favorite tune, Dan Tucker, and walked briskly on. Suddenly he was brought to a halt, by seeing a white object rise from the row of alders that grew on the other side of the narrow path, and move into the road directly before him. Oh, horror, there it stood as still as the quiet grave. He could not well define its shape, but it looked precisely like a headless female form in white. What was he to do? The hair stood up on his head, and his first impulse was to run back the way he came, and cross the new plowed field. He turned to go, when lo! about thirty yards or less, behind him he beheld another form exactly like the first, only it seemed to have a head, and eyes like balls of fire. A sickening chill passed over him; his teeth chattered as he beheld the form advancing, the head protruded toward him. With one bound he cleared the path and sped off as swift as an arrow from between the two spectral forms. He bounded over the plowed ground, sinking at every leap. He knew nothing clearly until he was safe in his own room. And now having time for reflection, he began to soliloquize thus, "Was it really a ghost? Yes, it certainly was, but it was cowardly in me to run, if even it were a ghost," and striving to laugh the matter off, he retired.

The next morning he did not rise as early as usual, in fact he did not waken until he was called by Genie to prepare for breakfast. When he entered the breakfast room the girls noticed the red mud on his boots, and began teasing him. Sarah remarked that he "certainly had waded the pond."—While Carrie protested that he had fallen into Mr. Desteile's well, which, being almost dry, abounded in a profusion of red clay. George said nothing in answer to their inquiries as to how the mud come on his boots, but kept unusually silent, and after making a slight meal, set off to the field to work. Mrs. Elmer took up her knitting work, and started to pay Mrs. Lakes a long-promised visit. And now the three girls being left alone, Sarah and Carrie began making fun of George and Dora, on account of the course they were pursuing. Genie having grown tired of this, resolved not to listen to it longer, and calling to Fannie Miles, they set out to take a walk. Scarcely were they out of sight when Bess and Mary Ann came rushing in almost out of breath, and seeming well pleased on some account. "O, what is the matter," cried Carrie, in anticipation of some fun. "What have you done now, girls?"

"O, something so funny, it is too laughable to tell."

"O, do tell," said Carrie, turning pale with excitement.

"What is it, dear?" said Sarah, laying down a hand-brush which she had been dexterously using on the furniture, and taking hold of the back of a chair with both hands, she leaned eagerly forward.

Bess at length caught her breath sufficiently to say, "Will any one hear us?"

"No indeed, go on."

"Where is Genie? it would not do for her to hear it."

"She is gone, as luck would have it," said Sarah, "Do go on."

"Well, you know where George went last evening?"

"O, yes, go on."

"Well, Mary Ann and I were determined to play a trick on him for his conduct toward Helen. So we went home and got a large gourd and cut holes in it for eyes."

"Yes," said Miss Curtis, holding her sides.

"We then went up to our room, and Ma thought we were in bed, but we took a candle and two sheets, and crept down stairs, out through the kitchen, and slipped to the grave yard."

"O, is it possible," said Carrie.

"Yes, and I hid in the alders, and Mary Ann behind a rose bush at some distance down the path, all wrapped in our sheets. Mary Ann struck a match which she had brought along, lighted the candle and put it in the gourd, and oh, it did look terrible in the darkness."

"Did you ever," said Sarah.

"I spread my sheet around me, and Mary Ann did the same, covering the gourd from sight, and we waited there about an hour. I began to fear our candle would burn out, but being too far from Mary Ann to speak, I held my peace. Presently George came along whistling, as large as life. When he passed Mary Ann, I rose up; he stopped short for a moment, then turning round saw Mary Ann, and O, you should just have been there. He jumped about five feet, and made off through the plowed ground."

"He hee hee," Carrie broke in, unable to restrain her pent up laughter. Whereupon her companion fell and rolled on the carpet, as if they had both gone mad.

When they had recovered a little, Carrie said, "Wasn't you afraid?

"No," replied Mary Ann, "we were bent on mischief and never thought of fear."

"You beat all," said Miss Curtis.

"You must not say anything about this to Ma or any one else," said Mary Ann. "We will make him afraid to go to Desteile's. But hark, Genie is here, be mum."

The door opened and both Genie and George entered. The girls put on a very sober face, and all went off well. He said nothing of his fright, and soon left the room and sauntered off toward the little country story of Bradley & Co. Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died away, when Carrie made a great pretense that there was no sugar for tea, and wished Genie to go for some to the store. She being tired, expressed a wish to stay while Carrie went, but that would not do, and Genie innocently complied with her wish.

As soon as she was out of sight, Sarah said, "There, now, that's one burden off our mind; now let's lay some plans," said she, taking the rocking chair in front of Bess. First, "If George goes, you know where, again, you must come here to stay all night, and then you can devise some plan of scaring him on his return. He will be pretty apt to go again next Sabbath evening, so we will get Aunt off to Mrs. Furguson's, and Genie to stay with Fannie Miles. So the coast will be clear, and we can do all the mischief we please." All agreed to this, and the girls returned home.

Sunday came, and there being no meeting, they were at Mr. Elmer's early in the afternoon. Mrs. Elmer was surprised at the girls, who all insisted on her going to Furguson's, but she at length declined going, on the plea that it was not right for her to leave home in her husband's absence, he being absent on school business. The girls were somewhat stunned at her blank refusal, but Bess was not long in forming another plan. Genie was sent to stay with Fannie, and the girls went directly to an inner room to lay their plans. Mary Ann and Bess were to wrap in sheets, and take an old Accordeon so as to make a frightful noise, proceed to the grave-yard, and take their positions as they had done before.

All things being decided, they now sought the parlor, where they found George in glistening linen and shining broadcloth, smoothing his glossy hair with more than usual pride. His face was wreathed in smiles; he had a joke for every one, and seemed to have quite forgotten all about his adventure with the ghosts. The sun was just sinking behind the summit of Rose Hill, when George arose and left the room, but to the surprise of the girls he passed out at the back yard and went towards the stable instead of Pigeon Hall.

"O, my," said Bess; "he's going to ride."

"He's not going to be troubled with ghosts to-night," said Mary Ann.

"But I'd go any how," whispered Miss Curtis, fearing her Aunt might hear their conversation.

"O, do," said Carrie, in the same subdued tone.

Bess arose, and winking at Miss Curtis, they left the room; Mary Ann and Carrie followed, and they all stood in a group at the kitchen window, watching George. In another moment the sound of horse's hoofs was heard, and the sprightly Nell bore its handsome rider up the green path towards Pigeon Hall.

Dark came and George was seated in the large parlor at Mr. Desteile's, engaged in merry conversation, at the same time the girls sat in a cluster around the kitchen fire at Mrs. Elmer's. A half hour later, Carrie began to yawn, and Sarah proposed retiring.

"You must be early birds," said Mrs. Elmer.

"We want to rise early," said Carrie.

"No hurrying matter," said Mrs. Elmer, smiling.

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes one healthy, happy and wise," said Bess.

"That's so," said Mary Ann, whereupon they all retired up stairs, leaving Mrs. Elmer alone.

"You must go as soon as Aunt retires," said Miss Curtis to Bess, when they were in their room.

"But how will we get up stairs when we come back," said Mary Ann.

"O, easy enough; wait at the window till you see George go to his room, then raise the window, creep up stairs, and we'll let you in. Mind to come in at the kitchen window," said Carrie.

"Very well," replied Bess.

They soon heard Mrs. Elmer retire, and then the girls prepared to go.

"O, where's the sheets," whispered Mary Ann.

"O, lackaday, take them off the bed," said Carrie; and with smothered laughter they took the sheets from the bed, slipped down stairs, and started for the grave yard. Two hours later George arose to go. After leaving the gate, he mounted his pony, and drawing his hat over his eyes, rode briskly on. He was just passing the grave yard, when the same white object which he had before seen, glided into the path before him. Nell pricked up her ears, snuffed the air, and seemed determined on some sudden movements from the ghastly scene. Quick as thought it turned and leaped the other way.—When it beheld the other form it paused. Just then an unearthly sound came from the direction of the first ghost. With a dash and snort, the pony shot off, and just as she leaped a fence, dashed her gallant rider to the ground, where he lay senseless for some time.

When he came to consciousness he was near home, and no ghost to be seen. The pale moon had rose, and by its light he could discern his home and Nell standing at the gate. He arose, but staggered at first, and could hardly walk. At length he succeeded in reaching his home and quietly retired. He found that he had fallen on a rock, and badly injured his head. Next morning at breakfast, the family seemed frightened at his appearance, but could get no satisfactory answer to all their queries. George was sure he had seen a ghost, and did not wish to disturb the quiet of the family by relating what he had seen. He only said he had a fall, but was not much hurt, and with as little conversation as possible, started to his work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM GENERAL FREMONT'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the Wheeling Intelligencer, 28th.]

One of our editorial corps returned last evening from Franklin, Pendleton county, eighty miles south of New Creek, which was up to Sunday last the headquarters of Gen. Fremont. It is distant twenty-four miles from Monterey, and sixty-five from Staunton, and on the same line of latitude with New Market, Gen. Banks' former headquarters in the adjoining valley.—It is a place hard of access from New Creek, by reason of two rivers intervening, and also on account of the miserable condition of the last twenty miles of the road along the mountains that skirt the South Branch. It was to this place that Gen. Milroy and Schenck fell back after the battle of McDowell, and to which Gen. Fremont came on a forced march from Petersburg, thirty miles this side. The place itself is a miserable, squalid village of old huts, in the midst of a cordon of hills, and is capable of being strongly defended with a comparatively small force. Jackson pursued Milroy and Schenck to Franklin, and would have brought on a battle possibly, had not Fremont come up with his re-enforcements.

On Saturday last, late in the day Gen. Fremont received a dispatch from the Secretary of War to fall back with his entire command to support General Banks, and at daybreak on Sunday the troops commenced breaking camps, by regiments, and by twelve o'clock in the day that whole army of over twenty thousand men were on the move. It was a grand sight to see the breaking camp. They took their line of march with colors flying and bands playing.—The day was a most beautiful one, and the mountain air was just bracing enough to be inspiring. The troops were in excellent mood. Within the last twenty-four hours they had succeeded in getting full rations, something which they had not had for several days previous. They were eager for a fight, and the whole line sang exultant songs as they filed out into the main road.

No one outside of the General's confidential advisers of course knew the object of the move, but the guessing was remarkably accurate. Some said the idea was to get nearer our supplies; others to get in the rear of the rebels, and in conjunction with McDowell, "bag" them after they had chased Banks far enough. Others supposed it was to protect our communication with New Creek and Cumberland by means of a line thrown out from Moorfield to Green Spring Run, which will probably turn out to be the correct supposition.

The march for the first twenty miles was slow and hard. The roads were rutted as steep as they could be, and the heavy artillery was dragged along with great difficulty—many of the pieces requiring six, eight and even ten horses. The first day's journey was to the upper crossing of the South Branch of the Potomac—the place where the rebels had burnt the bridge, and which we were obliged to span with a pontoon. The next day's march was intended to be a distance of some twenty-five miles, to a point between Petersburg and Moorfield. We presume it was made, as the General was hurrying forward with all speed.—What the finale of the march will be of course is a matter only of speculation. We will all know in a day or two.

A NOBLE ACT.—A noble ship was bearing down on the English coast under a stiff breeze and a lowering sky. It was not many hours before she was in the teeth of a violent storm, rolling and plunging in the angry water. The wind shrieked through her cordage, and her huge timbers groaned from stern to stem.

She at last struck and became unmanageable, and hoisted signals of distress. A crew of brave hardy men from the shore put out to rescue her living freight. Among those on board was a negro with two orphan children under his charge. The boat was soon filled with affrighted passengers, and there was room for but one more—room for the negro, or the two little ones. Who should be saved—who left to perish? The faithful negro did not hesitate. Over the ship's side he lowered the helpless children into the life-boat, only saying; "Tell master Cuffie did his duty."

Hannah Moore, was asked to write a poem on this touching event, but she declined saying. "No art could embelish so noble an action."

☞ Petersburg, in Dinwiddie county, Virginia, is situated on the South bank of the Appomattox river, twelve miles above its entrance into the James at City Point. The river is navigable to Petersburg, which is at the head of tide-water. Petersburg is connected by railroad with City Point, Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg and Weldon, on the border of North Carolina. There is a continuous line of railroad communication from Petersburg to Mobile, and also to Memphis Tennessee.

Army Correspondence.

[Correspondence of the Gallipolis Journal.]

WESTERN VIRGINIA,
May 25, 1862.

DEAR HARPER:—Again on the wing and again a few items. It matters not where I am or whither I am bound.—Enough for you to know that I, with my lovely friend Ada, are taking our accustomed annual round of sight-seeing and it seemeth best to us to travel incog. We meet no familiar faces and we have no fears of being recognized. Ada is taking notes of what she sees and hears, and I fear the result will be a 12 mo. volume of 400 pages. She assures me however, that her highest ambition is to gather around our fireside a few choice spirits, and pass the coming winter evenings in reading from her notes and commenting thereon. I trow not, Ada dear, for how oft hast thou wished to see thy name on the title page of a popular book, and set the world on fire by the splendor of thy genius. (There, there, you need not box my ears—I'll stop right here, Ada dear.)

Have you ever been up New river and drank in the magnificence and beauty which greets your eyes on every side? The cascades, which dot the mountain side, the river flowing hundreds of feet beneath you as you wind your way up the mountain, and on and on until you reach the climax—the Hawk's Nest. Oh! it is grand beyond conception. I am not going to attempt a description of it here. I say unto you, come and see. Your soul will expand with more exalted ideas of the infinite architect of nature's own temple, and you, too, "will look from nature up to nature's God." As we stood upon the summit of the Hawk's Nest, and gazed into the abyss below, Ada cast a pebble, as she supposed, into the river. Trying with all the strength she had she failed to throw the stone into the water. How her dainty fingers, pencil in hand, flew over the pages of her note book, endeavoring to transfer to paper the beauty and grandeur she beheld. Let us leave this glorious scene and turn to a more inviting, but, just at this time, more popular theme—war.

Sixty-five miles beyond Gauley Bridge is situated Lewisburg, the headquarters of our advance columns, in the Mountain Department, Col. Geo. Crooke commanding. I am not going to tell you how many regiments we have there or what our effective force is, for that is contraband. Suffice it to say there has been a battle there which will take rank among the brilliant actions of this war. On the morning of the 23d, at precisely 5 A. M., whiz came a shell into our camp, in came our pickets on the double quick and we were attacked. On the hill east of our camp was Gen. Heath with over 3,000 infantry, a few cavalry and six pieces of artillery.—1,300 of our men were instantly in line of battle. Two companies of the 44th Ohio were sent forward to hold the enemy in check. They marched to the hill and deployed as skirmishers, holding the rebel army of over 3,000 in check until our force could come up. The enemy had all the advantage of position in addition to superior numbers. It would have done your heart good to see our brave boys of the 36th and 44th march up that hill without once flinching. Now they pour the shot into the enemy, volley after volley, in quick succession, and onward they steadily move. The enemy are thunder struck; they waver and as we pour into them our murderous fire they stagger and reel like drunken men. The order is given: "charge bayonet"—with a spring and a ringing shout that shook the hills, they rush forward sure of victory. The enemy can't stand cold steel. They break and fly and the boys of the 44th seize a cannon, loaded with canister, before they can touch it off. The enemy are routed, and fly in utter confusion and the field is ours. The fruits of victory are 4 cannon, 2 rifle and 2 smooth, 300 stand of arms, 125 prisoners—among them one Lt. Colonel, one Major, and several Captains and Lieutenants. In the earlier part of the engagement they carried off their dead and wounded, but notwithstanding this, 38 of their dead, including many officers, and 66 wounded fell into our hands. Our loss was 9 killed, 70 wounded and 6 missing. The total loss of the enemy is said to be 64 killed and 120 wounded. The cannon captured are 10 and 12 pounders: the rifled pieces are Parrott guns. The battle lasted one hour and eighteen minutes. I have only aimed to give an outline of the fight, as it would take a man better versed in military science to give each and every particular movement on the battle field. I do not wish to single out individual acts of daring and bravery to the disparagement of others. I could not do it if I wished to, where all were so brave—all honor to the brave boys of the 36th and 44th Ohio Regiments.—Col. Crook and Col. Gilbert are both *military* men, and if I am not greatly mistaken both graduates of West Point. Col. Gilbert I am personally acquainted with—a better officer, a finer man in every sense of the word we have not in the service. He assisted Prof. Bache in the coast survey, in fact he and a Mr. Stillwell, now in California, surveyed the entire coast bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. The President and the Senate could not do a better day's work than to make Cols. Crook and Gilbert, Brigadier Generals. None better would be in the field. I have extended this letter beyond my expectation. If it should prove a bore I pray you destroy it. Where we shall next be the deponent saith not, but wherever it is you will hear from us, always provided we can pick up items of sufficient interest to yourself and readers. *Au revoir.* HENRY MORTIMER.

I neglected to say that the enemy in their retreat burned the fine bridge over Greenbrier river. Also, that they threw away their blankets, coats, hats, &c. Burning the bridge prevented us from following the enemy. H. M.

[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

CAMP NO. 6, NEAR CORINTH, MISS.,
May 14, 1862.

EDITOR GALLIPOLIS JOURNAL:—More than a month has passed since the battle of Shiloh, time enough to remove all misapprehensions, and show in the clear light of history the conduct of each in that great conflict. A rumor has reached us that certain persons, some of them those who never faced hostile bullets, have been charging misconduct on our Captain in that battle. I shall make no counter charges, but simply give the facts, leaving those facts to vindicate themselves.

Already you know, how we were surprised Sunday morning, how we formed and fired on the enemy, how by our Colonel we were ordered to retreat, how we did retreat and were called cowards for it, how we rallied, retreated again, and still again, how, during this time, we were abandoned by our Colonel, and how for this reason we fell into such confusion, that a good opportunity, well improved by them, presented itself to all cowards to seek the friendly shelter of the river bank—all this you already know. Permit me to add what no one denies, that during all this time our Captain acted as a brave man should act.

But some hours after, while we were lying in reserve a mile from any fighting, and when there was no prospect of our having any fighting to do, for some time our Captain was necessarily called away. Ere he returned an order came, moving our regiment nearly a mile to the front. After the move it was simply impossible for any one who did not know where our new position was, to find us. Every thing was in confusion, such confusion as you at home can scarcely imagine, who never saw a battle, and get your ideas from illustrated papers, or think of it as two long lines of men standing up and shooting at each other. This was unfortunate for him, and cannot be charged as an intentional abandonment of his company on the part of our Captain.

Many officers when, like him, they were unable to find their commands, retired to the river bank and awaited results—our Captain collected what he could of his company and regiment and fought in another regiment. Which is the more honorable?

Tuesday forenoon after the battle our brigade was sent in pursuit of the enemy. Three miles from camp their Texas Rangers made a sudden dash, scattering our cavalry and riding over the 77th Ohio ere they had time to fix bayonets. Then they charged on us, coming so near as to wound Corporal Meek of our company with a revolver. No one, officer or man, in the company flinched. Our Captain was with us, on picket, and wherever we have been in danger since, I can testify to the bravery of our Captain, who is the only commissioned officer present, as well as to the general bravery of the men.

We anticipate another battle ere long. This will give another opportunity to all whom accident has heretofore deprived of a chance to fully show themselves. Till then farewell.

I will only say that Col. Hilderbrand's brigade, in which we were, has been broken up, and we are now brigaded with the 46th, 70th, and 72d Ohio, formerly, perhaps still, Col. Buckland's brigade, though rumor has it that a Brigadier General of new creation has been assigned to this brigade.

Please request the neighboring papers to copy this last remark that our friends at home may know our whereabouts.

M. R. B., Co. H, 53d O. V. I.

☞ Physiognomy is a most satisfactory science—after you know your man by personal acquaintance. Coleridge was a philosopher, and may be supposed to have known something of human nature, yet he blundered once, in his estimate of a stranger, so egregiously that he might well doubt his skill in physiognomy for the remainder of his natural or unnatural life. This is the story as told by one of his friends.

A gentleman was seated opposite to Coleridge at dinner, with a magnificent forehead, and a very fine and venerable bald head. The eye of this patriarch was scintillating, apparently, with the fires of genius, and the whole bearing of the man was suggestive of immense capacity laboriously suppressed. "Ah" thought Coleridge, "if he would but speak, what grand things would we hear—what 'large utterances,' worthy of the early dramatists—what poetry, and eloquence, and thought, and truth!" Suddenly the gentleman who could boast of a venerable head and a great talent for silence, spoke: the oracle delivered its burdening message, and to this effect.—"*Hand me them dumplins.*"